Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

J. H. Vincent, Editor. [Vol. II, No. 21.] NEW YORK, OCTOBER 23, 1886. [Whole No. 47.] Phillips & Hunt, Publishers.

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

BY ALICE M. DOUGLAS.

An angel came to earth, one day,
To bear a little child away
  In fields of light to dwell.
The anxious friends no sound could hear,
None thought the angel hovered near,
  None felt the heavenly spell.

The angel smiled upon the child
As ling'ring, by the sight beguiled,
  He scanned the little face.
"Sweet babe, I'll take thee to my breast;
Ere sorrow comes, I'll give thee rest;
  We'll seek a better place.

"But no! in heaven are throngs like thee;
Earth needs thy love and purity;
  Here longer must thou stay."
Thus whispered low the heavenly guest;
A kiss upon the child he pressed,
  Then soared in light away.

. . . . . .

Maid half of heaven, and half of earth,
To whom was given this second birth,
  Sealed by an angel's kiss,
Thyself an angel since that day
Minist'ring on the earth doth stay,
  Spirit of heavenly bliss!

And only those that dwell above
Know whence thy many deeds of love;
  It is not even thine
To know what makes thy life so bright,
Why thou dost walk in heaven's own light,
  Or whence thy grace divine.

COUSIN GERTRUDE'S STORY.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

Part I.

"But I didn't mean to do any harm. I only said that Mrs. Matthews told mamma she wished she had never asked her cousin to the house."

I was standing by Cousin Gertrude on the steps of the veranda, while she, just above me, buttoned her riding gloves and looked down with an expression of loving anxiety into my face.

Cousin Gertrude is the dearest, kindest, and most lenient of women, but on this occasion, although I tried to hold my head up bravely and look as though I did not care, it was impossible not to feel ashamed of having repeated to any one part of a conversation I had overheard, and which certainly might make trouble between Mrs. Matthews, the clergyman's wife, and the eccentric, although kind-hearted, cousin from Boston who had just been visiting her. My cheeks were red enough as I lifted my eyes to meet my cousin's tender though questioning gaze.

"But, Molly dear"—one of Gertrude's hands was laid gently on my shoulder—"don't you see that Mrs. Matthews was speaking to your mother privately and confidentially, and you talked at random to Florence Brown of what you overheard. Now, Florence may by this time have repeated what you said to her mother, who is a great friend of Mrs. Matthew's cousin. Therefore, through the carelessness of that little tongue of yours, it may be that before to-morrow poor Mrs. Matthews will be placed in a position which she really does not deserve in the least."

"But what right had Mrs. Matthews to talk about her cousin?"

Defiant eyes and flaming cheeks they certainly were which Cousin Gertrude looked down upon.

"My dearest little girl, let me tell you that sometimes people are so placed that they are obliged to speak in confidence to a friend whom they can trust, as Mrs. Matthews can your mother. She was in great perplexity over something which had occurred while her cousin was at the house, and she needed just the sort of advice your mother could give."

Cousin Gertrude smiled good-humoredly. "She did not know that a little girl who was tired of her history lesson came into the room just at the wrong moment, nor that the same young person would make haste to repeat her words. Do you know, Molly, that I feel very strongly about all this, because once in my life I had a terrible lesson through just such a piece of carelessness with my tongue, and ever since then I have tried to realize that the commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal,' means more than taking articles or money which do not belong to us. We sometimes break it, I am sure, by taking the words of others and making them our own, or by stealing their good name or their good intentions from them."

My resentment was beginning to merge into a gentler feeling. There was silence for a moment, while in the dark eyes of my darling cousin I saw a look as of some one who was remembering events in the long ago which might have been half-forgotten.

"Suppose," said Cousin Gertrude, "that when I come back from my ride I find you up in my sitting-room in that particular easy-chair you like? I will get out my work and tell you of that lesson of my childhood to which I just referred?"

She kissed me lovingly, and I had the pleasure of watching her mount her horse and ride away down the sun-lit avenue to the country road which outside of the gate lay like a white ribbon unrolled between the greenest and most fertile land. As far as the eye could reach from this vantage ground of mine I could see the lovely summer country, hill and dale, garden and orchard. Surely on such a morning and in such a place one ought to have only the most generous interpretation of that divine ordinance, "Love ye one another."

I am afraid that my mind, however, was chiefly diverted by the thought that I should hear one of Cousin Gertrude's stories, and there was an added charm in the fact that it would be a bit out of her own life. I had never known my cousin except as rich and prosperous, and surrounded by hosts of loving friends, so that as I turned to re-enter the house I had no idea that her story could include a period

when the evidences of luxury and hospitality I saw on every side were not hers.

She rarely talked about herself, and her near relatives were few. Her guardian, who had left her much of the wealth which enabled her to make so many people happy, had been no kin of hers or ours. He had been long dead, and his own niece, who had shared his fortune with my cousin, remained, except for my mother, her dearest friend. This lady, now a widow with a boy who was like a brother to me, lived a few miles farther down the valley, and was called by all of us Cousin Sylvia.

As I entered the hall where every thing was shaded to keep out the glare of the sun, and yet which looked so cheerful and inviting with its well-covered table, its sofa and easy-chairs, its fireplace full of apple-blossoms, I wondered whether it might not be that Cousin Gertrude would bring Dick Bowen home with her. To listen to one of her stories with a favorite comrade would be pleasure enough for any morning.

Up stairs in her cozy sitting-room she found me ensconced on her return. Sure enough, Dick was at her heels, and, glancing at her watch, she said, pleasantly:

"Now, as I had always meant some day or other to tell this story to Dick, I brought him home with me, and as soon as I take off my habit and get into a comfortable dress I will be back. Meantime, children, watch those great clouds rolling up. I think a thunder-storm is in the air."

Ten minutes later we were seated, a cozy trio, in the window. The storm had risen, and with it such a chill that Cousin Gertrude had touched into flame the logs always ready on her hearth for lighting, since in this land of variable changes who can predict warmth for every summer day?

"Now, then," said our cousin, leaning back and looking at the kindling logs a trifle sadly, "I must tell you that many years ago when I was about ten years of age my father died. We had been brought up with what may be called great expectations, since papa was always on the eve of some great financial success, but on his death my mother told my brother George and myself that we had all of us only five hundred dollars in the world, and she explained that although this seemed a large sum to children of our age, it was very little indeed to begin the world upon. I don't remember that we were particularly depressed by our fallen fortunes. Indeed, George confided to me that he was in great hopes my mother would now consent to his being a blacksmith, a trade which he had long regarded with enthusiasm and envy. My own ambition was for life on the farm, where I could raise chickens and sell eggs; but although my mother did not laugh at either of us for our schemes of raising an income, she told us after a few days, during which she had discussed her business matters with an old friend of my father's, that her plans were already laid, and she added that she expected us to help her in every way possible.

"Our home was situated a few miles from a thriving manufacturing town. To the latter place my mother intended moving, there to open a store for ladies and children's garments, that I suppose might be called an outfitting establishment. She had learned that such a place was to be disposed of at very low terms, because of the death of the owner, and she had a real genius with her needle.

"Looking back I recall with satisfaction that my dear mother made no question whatever of any sacrifice to her pride or feeling in this arrangement. She had her children to clothe, to feed, and to educate, and I am sure that no effort of honest industry could have been so painful to her as the one which she had for years before been making—that of living on false expectations of an income which was founded mainly upon my poor father's sanguine belief in speculation.

"I need scarcely tell you that the prospect of keeping a store was quite enough to make George give up his notions of a smithy, and turn my thoughts from hens and chickens to serving behind a counter and taking down boxes from the shelves for the customers I quickly pictured in my mind, and the next fortnight passed happily enough.

"Our removal to R—— was accomplished, the store was discovered to be pleasantly situated in the main street, and, although small and rather poorly stocked, was capable of being much improved, while it combined facilities for a little home as well as business. Back of the shop was a large, airy room, which, until the business grew, mother said we would keep for a sitting-room. Beyond this was a kitchen, and up stairs were two bedrooms and an attic. All were soon furnished from what we had saved out of the sale of our country home. An old servant who had nursed my mother in her childhood accompanied us, and although she grumbled very much over what she regarded as a 'come-down' for my mother, she was invaluable in her help and devotion, and very soon the little place had been given a look of cheerful neatness and refinement, while my mother's presence could not fail to make a good impression upon every one who crossed our threshold. It was soon seen and felt that she was, as our old Martha put it, 'every inch a lady,' and the chief evidence of this was given by her readiness to enter into every business detail of her work. Having begun a new period of life as a store-keeper, she determined to master every point in her occupation, considering it only an evidence of dignity that she was not above doing any part of the work she had chosen.

"After the first day, which we considered a fairly successful one, my mother called George and myself to her side in our little sitting-room, and told us that we must feel very grateful to God for this new start in life. She said that she foresaw a time when her business might be a large and profitable one, but that in order to avoid debt we must live with the strictest economy, and we must begin at once to save up money for improvements which would soon be necessary; therefore she would start a little money-box into which she would place a portion of every week's earnings, and as George was so fond of figures he would be her banker, while I could assist Saturday night in making up the account books.

"I need scarcely tell you that this arrangement gave an interest to our various economies. We were glad to do without certain things in order to swell our little capital, and Saturday nights we had a delightful hour called 'banking time,' when the contents of the money-box were counted out, the amount saved during the week added, and our prospects of business discussed. At the end of the first six months mother deposited our savings in the real bank, and we began to fill our money-box afresh.

"Our school life had not been interrupted, but of course we had more or less to do with helping mother in the store, and our evenings were happy enough. George was fond of reading aloud Smiles's books on 'Self-Help,' etc., and we laid many plans for what we would do when our bank stock was large enough to warrant the beginning of something more in keeping with mother's taste and skill and her fast-increasing circle of friends and patrons. This idea became, as I might say, the romance of our little household. It formed the foundation of many airy castles, and often on a Sunday afternoon when we walked with mother through the newer portions of the town we would amuse ourselves by picking out the place where we meant to live one day, where the new store was to be, or where, perhaps, business and school days over, we should have earned a little home all our own, where George might carry out his present plan of being a mechanical engineer, and I could give four hours a day to my beloved music.

"Before three years had gone by these prospects began to seem really very tangible. Skill in the business she had chosen, good common sense and management, and, above all, prudence in money matters had given my mother the right to look forward with some authority to a day when our plans might be successfully carried out. And by making our economical practices take on the tone of worthy well-doing and allow-

ing us to indulge in poetic castle-building my mother had prevented us from becoming merely sordid or grasping, while her small acts of charity were never-ending. I have seen her wear a straw bonnet all winter, but I have never known of her refusing to assist a person in distress.

"With such a character and disposition it need hardly be told you that my mother had won the respect of the town, and made many friends who loved her dearly. With only one of these my story has chiefly to do.

"Our first customer was a lady whose husband owned a large factory for straw bonnets, which in those days were made by a much more laborious process than now. Mrs. Bence, as I will call her, has a fine house on one of the pleasantest streets in the town, and there we passed many happy evenings. My music was encouraged by our kind friend; Mr. Bence took an interest in George's talent, while his wife thoroughly enjoyed and encouraged my mother's friendship. The families were most harmonious, and I often look back to our happy hours in the parlor of that hospitable mansion, understanding better now the advantages such a friendship gave us, for, of course, with my mother's loss of fortune, or rather my father's death, had come a complete severance from many elements which young people need to encourage ideas of study and refinement. I presume the Bences were rich people. At all events I know that in their household were no evidences of a necessity for economy, and they were too honorable to incur debt. Freely and lavishly did they bestow their hospitality upon us, so that every festive season, from Thanksgiving to the Fourth of July, found us like members of the same family at their hospitable table.

"I have every reason to believe that, although Mrs. Bence knew my mother was striving hard to save money for our education and the building of a little home, the details—our 'banking time,' etc.—were never discussed with her. My mother had a habit of reticence, therefore it was all the more remarkable that my besetting failing—nay, I may call it better by the name it deserves, my predominant sin—was a careless or foolish tongue. I loved above all things to have something important to tell; to appear to be in the confidence of my elders; to be the bearer of news, and, as may readily be imagined in my haste with tidings or my anxiety to quote other people's opinions, I frequently merited a severe reprimand and very often a sharp punishment. The latter came, of course, only from my mother, for among my school companions I found many who enjoyed my gossiping talk, and on my visits among my mother's grown-up friends I regret to say that there were many who encouraged me to discuss some of the sayings or doings of her customers. I suppose there was to me a fascination in making myself interesting, no matter at what cost, and as I often argued to myself when corrected I always told the truth. You see, I had not lived long enough to learn that the truth very often when rashly spoken gives the impression of falsehood. I have no doubt that it was because of this failing of mine that my mother began to be extremely cautious, and when I was about fourteen to withhold certain of her confidences from me. Instead of its causing me to cure myself completely of so odious a fault, it produced at first only feelings of resentment. I said to myself often that I would find out certain things, whether she told them to me or not, and on this point a little barrier began to be felt even in our happy 'banking time.'

"I think it was in the month of May, during the fourth year of our prosperous life at R——, that I observed George and my mother exchanging certain looks, and occasionally I came in upon them in the passage-way back of the shop talking together in low tones. The words, 'Certainly by the fifteenth of August,' and 'What a relief it will be,' reached my ears on one of these occasions, but the way in which they suddenly checked their conversation sent the color flaming into my cheeks, and my steps flying back to the shop, where for the time being I was on duty. Something, I felt very sure, was under discussion which they objected talking over with me, and my heart hardened itself against any plan which they chose to keep so entirely to themselves; but, as you can see, governed as I was by own foolish impulses, this sense of being shut out from family councils only made me the readier to plunge into talk about other people.

"It was a soft, spring-like evening. I had not yet grown tired of serving in the shop. The novelty had worn away, but the fascination remained, and I can see myself now standing behind the counter taking down the large green box containing infants' caps, while my customer, a pleasant-looking lady, the sister of the banker, Mr. Shipwell, chatted over various matters. I do not know how it happened that the Bences' name was spoken, but I remember Mrs. Montgomery saying,

"'I hope the bad times wont effect Mr. Bence. I think he looks a little anxious.'

"I pricked up my ears, and not to be behindhand in useful information, answered,

"'Yes, indeed; I couldn't help noticing last Sunday evening that he seemed very worried.'

"Mrs. Montgomery completed her purchase and, oddly enough, as she left the shop Mrs. Bence came in, and I have no doubt that the former lady was quick to remark her look of anxiety or agitation. It was evident at once to me that something unusual was on our friend's mind. She returned Mrs. Montgomery's greeting hurriedly, and as soon as we were alone, said in a voice which betrayed her agitation,

"'Gertrude, I must see your mother as soon as possible. Is she at home?'

"I answered by saying that I would go and find her. She was in the parlor still talking to George, and I was rather glad to interrupt them abruptly.

"'Mrs. Bence is here, mother,' I said, with as much icy dignity in my tone as I dared assume, 'and she looks dreadfully worried, and says she must see you at once.'

"My mother rose hastily from the table, and swept the little pile of papers she had been going over into a drawer.

"I know, I know!' she said, 'I was expecting her.'

"In my own mind I made no doubt that the cause of Mrs. Bence's visit and the many confabs between my mother and George were identical, and so perhaps when I was seated alone in the shop I had less scruple in listening to the chance sentences from the two friends which reached my ears. Moreover, nothing especial was betrayed by them. That Mrs. Bence was agitated was plainly to be seen, and in the midst of inaudible murmurs came the following sentences.

"From my mother: 'You will weather it through. It can at best only be a temporary anxiety.'

"From Mrs. Bence, after a low-toned recital of some sort: 'It is a critical time for many, but I suppose we must hope for the best. At all events, I thought your advice as a business woman would be valuable.'

[*To be concluded.*]

TWO FAMOUS ENGLISH SCHOOLS.

BY HENRY F. REDDALL.

II. Eton College.

AMONG the sisterhood of schools Eton stands pre-eminent—not that the education furnished there is any better than at Harrow or Rugby, Winchester or Westminster—but on account partly of its great antiquity and honorable traditions, and partly because of the large number of noble names associated with its annals, whether as masters or scholars. It is, in fact, England's greatest school. The Duke of Wellington once said that "the Battle of Waterloo was won in the playing fields of Eton," for it was the game of foot-ball that taught him strategy.

Eton is a pleasant town of Buckinghamshire, on the left bank of the Thames, opposite the royal town of Windsor, with which it is connected by a graceful bridge. This part of the valley of Thame is historic ground. Runnymede is but a few

miles away, and the castle, park, and forest of Windsor are almost at the school gates. Gray, the poet, an enthusiastic Etonian, has well pictured "the distant spires, the antique towers," in his stately lines "On a Distant Prospect of Eton College," and recalls his happy boyhood when he sings:

"Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow."

The college was begun in 1440, fifty-eight years after the founding of Winchester school, by William Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester, under the patronage of Henry Sixth, and with the title of "the College of the Blessed Mary of Eaton beside Windsor." The buildings were completed in 1523. Waynflete brought with him, we are told, five fellows and thirty-five scholars from Wykeham's College, and he organized the new foundation exactly on the model of the older one. The charter of Eton provided that the master (informator) was to be a Master of Arts, and unmarried. His salary was to be 24 marks (£16), with rooms, and an allowance of £4 6s. 8d. for commons. He had one gown a year, which he was forbidden to sell or pledge, and he was enjoined not to indulge in such fashionable vanities "as red, green, or white shoes."

On the foundation there is provision for a provost, a head-master, and ten fellows, who constitute the governing body, two chaplains, and seventy king's scholars, and there have been from three to nine hundred "oppidans" in attendance at various times since. The members of the governing body are nominated by the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The "collegers," or king's scholars, reside within the school gates, and get their education at a nominal charge owing to the rich endowment funds. The "oppidans" are scholars who attend the school, enjoy all its honors and privileges, pay liberally for their tuition and board, and reside in the town.

The seventy scholars "on the foundation" were formerly elected annually, as vacancies occurred, to King's College, Cambridge, by the provost, vice-provost, and head-master of Eton and the provost and two fellows of King's College, who came down to Eton for the purpose late in July or early in August. Much pomp and ceremony were anciently observed on this occasion. "The two provosts used to meet at the college gates, and greet each other with the kiss of peace, even within present memory, and many other antique courtesies passed between the Eton and Cambridge electors." But nowadays the successful candidates for Cambridge are chosen by means of a strict competitive examination held in the university.

The domestic side of Eton life is peculiar to itself. The "collegers," as we have said, live at the school, where the study and bedroom are all one, each boy having his own solitary apartment. For the convenience of the oppidans there are about twenty boarding-houses kept by masters, and ten or a dozen others kept by "Dames." Some of these boarding-houses have as few as half a score of youngsters, while in some of the houses there are as many as fifty. In these houses, too, the boys dine and spend their evenings with the family. The advantages of this system must be apparent over against the "every man for himself" mode of life at Rugby. Oddly enough, the keeper of a boarding-house is called a "Dame," whether male or female!

As at Rugby, the educational course is founded on the Greek and Latin classics, even for the younger boys.

Fagging at Eton is now merely nominal, except in the college and among the collegers. "The privilege belongs to the Sixth Form and the whole of the Fifth, except the lowest division. These last hold a neutral position, and all below the Fifth, to the number of from four to six hundred, are fags. Unlike most other public schools, there is no fagging at foot-ball or cricket. In the boarding-houses a fag has little more to do than bring up the kettle for his master's breakfast, boil his eggs, and toast his bread—which a slovenly lower-form boy is sometimes accused of doing over his lamp, as the most expeditious method of at least blackening it. The same services are required from him at tea; and with the exception of carrying an occasional message, this is about the amount of work which an oppidan fag has to do, and this only lasts until he gets into the Fifth Form, which many boys do now in their first or second year."

We may mention here the form of punishment inflicted on a careless fag by a Sixth Form boy which is peculiar to Eton, and in all probability dates from a very early period: "He sets the offender to compose an epigram in English, Greek, or Latin, at his option—usually of four lines. The amount of point required from the unwilling poet appears to be indefinite; and these performances have probably suffered considerably in this respect, since one very tempting resource has been cut off. It was usual for the author to turn such wit as he might possess against the imposer of the penalty—and, if fairly done, it was held perfectly lawful; but this kind of retaliation on the victim's part has long been forbidden."

The number of pupils enrolled at Eton is never constant, but fluctuates, owing to national or local causes; yet on the whole there has been a steady and gradual increase from the earliest time to the present. The most ancient school-list in existence is for the year 1678, and contains 207 names. The bubble prosperity of the era of the South Sea Company ran the numbers up to 425, but when the speculation burst they fell back to 350. In the first year of the present century the school had 530 boys, and under the sway of Dr. Keate, whose reign lasted longer than that of any other head-master before or since—1809–34—the list was raised to 640. Dr. Hawtrey ran it up to 777, and "the three sevens" were during the decade 1847–57 a frequent toast among Etonians. The numbers are now nearly 900.

Here are a few of the names of Etonians who rose to eminence in after years: William Ewart Gladstone; Henry Hallam, the historian; Dean Milman; Bishop Pearson; Winthrop Mackworth Praed; Edward Bouverie Pusey; William Herbert, Dean of Manchester; Thomas Gray, the poet; Nathaniel Forster; Phineas Fletcher and his brother Giles; Thomas De Quincey, the opium-eater; Kinglake, the historian of the Crimea; Henry Nelson Coleridge, nephew of Samuel Taylor Coleridge; Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke; Robert Boyle, the philosopher; the Earl of Bridgewater, who founded the "Bridgewater Treatises;" Jacob Bryant; Charles James Fox; George Canning; William Pitt, Earl of Chatham; the Duke of Wellington and his brother, the Marquis of Wellesley; Richard Porson, the marvelous Greek scholar; the poet Shelley; Sir Robert Walpole, and Windham, the orator and statesman. This is only a partial list, yet it contains many of the greatest names in England.

In a school of such extreme age one naturally expects to find many quaint and curious customs surviving from former years. Here is an account of the "Montem"—more properly "Ad Montem"—one of the most peculiar and striking of old Eton usages, which is now a thing of the past, though never to be forgotten by any who have assisted thereat, whether as actors or spectators. "Montem" was a muster of the whole school, "in a sort of semi-military array, with band and colors, to march out to a mound in a field about a mile and a half distant—the well-known Salt Hill—where an ensign waved his flag, the boys cheered, and the ceremony so far was over. The professed object was to collect from the crowds of visitors who were always gathered on the occasion contributions of money, called *salt*, to supply the captain of the day, the head colleger, with funds for his Cambridge expenses. For this purpose two salt-bearers, usually the second in seniority of the collegers and the captain of the oppidans, assisted by some ten or twelve runners or servitors, and all dressed in fancy costumes, scoured all the approaches to Windsor and Eton within the shire of Buckingham—for the collection of "salt" was confined, for some traditionary reason, to those limits—and levied contributions, by a sort of civil compulsion, from every comer, from the nobleman in his carriage-

and-four to the rustic on foot. The cry was "Salt! Salt!" for which embroidered bags were held forth, and any thing was accepted, from a sixpence to a fifty pound note. In return the donor received a little blue ticket with a Latin motto on it —*Mos pro Lege*, or *More et Monte*—and this ticket worn in the hat or otherwise shown protected the bearer for the rest of the day from any further demand.

Royalty generally graced this occasion. For nearly forty years George Third was present and regularly dropped "salt" to the amount of fifty pounds into the bag. The origin of this peculiar school festival is obscure. "The Winchester statutes (which were adopted for Eton in almost every particular) made provision for the out-door exercise of the scholars, by a daily procession *ad Montem* to St. Catherine's Hill, outside the city walls, which is still known as 'going on hills,' and takes place there regularly on half-holidays; and from this there can be little doubt that the term itself was borrowed."

But so many abuses grew out of the old custom, and so much license prevailed, that it was finally abolished. Prince Albert was present at the last celebration in 1844. His carriage was halted on Windsor Bridge, and he gave the salt-bearer the royal donation of £100.

Another curious Eton custom, of a more cruel character than the Montem, and wisely abolished at a much earlier date, was the "Hunting of the Ram." The college butcher was, we are told, under some ancient unwritten law, obliged to provide a ram annually to be hunted by the scholars on election Saturday. "On one occasion," says the chronicler, "the unfortunate animal swam the river, and rushed into the crowded market-place at Windsor with the boys in full chase; and so much mischief and confusion was the consequence that the hunting was given up; but the victim was still provided, and dispatched by a process quite as cruel, and which had not even the excuse of the popular excitement of a chase. After being hamstrung to prevent his escape, he was knocked on the head in the school-yard with clubs specially provided for the occasion."

But there is still a relic of the ancient times in vogue at Eton which impresses the stranger as being quite as singular as either of the foregoing. This is the whipping-block. The ancient disciplinary instrument "stands in a corner of the yard, and when a culprit is to be caned he is brought hither, and a call is made for First-Form boys. The two who arrive last at the scene pay the penalty for their tardiness by being required to hold the offender down over the block while the master administers the switching."

From its peculiar constitution Eton is virtually divided into two schools, consisting of the handful of king's scholars on the one hand, and the oppidans on the other. For all practical purposes, however, they are one, especially when it comes to repelling a common enemy, or on the occasions of the boat-races at Henley or the annual cricket match at Lord's. "The jealousy between collegers and oppidans," says an old Etonian, "was at one time very strong, and led to a very reprehensible amount of ill-feeling. It seems to have been at its height about thirty or forty years ago. There was, of course, some difference of social position between the two classes in many individual cases; but this has never been sufficient to account of itself for the superiority assumed by the oppidans; for there have always been among the King's scholars many boys of good and well-known family. The snow-balling fights between the two bodies had more earnest than sport in them; and in these the collegers' gowns served them as shields, and gave them a better chance of holding their own against superior numbers. At present, the great struggle is at the annual foot-ball match 'at the wall,' upon St. Andrew's Day, between the picked elevens of each body. In this fierce contest a good deal of spite is shown—more than in the most savage days of the Sixth-Form match at Rugby—and the chaff is fast and furious. If the collegers gain the victory, prudence generally counsels a retreat as soon as possible into their own fastnesses (especially for the younger boys who have been cheering on their champions) in order to escape vengeance from the overwhelming numbers of the irate oppidans," who outnumber them nearly ten to one. But on the whole the relations between the two bodies have been peaceable, if not very cordial, in daily intercourse, and though it is still "almost a natural thing for a small oppidan to dislike a small colleger," yet as the boys rise into the higher forms this juvenile trait wears off. Here, then, we see the animosity of "school" and "town" raging between scholars of the same school instead of, as at Rugby, between the "school" and the "louts."

Eton has been peculiarly fortunate in the choice of head-masters. The present incumbent, the Rev. E. Warre, is the sixty-third in the succession dating from William Waynflete. Among the most distinguished was Richard Coxe (1528–35), whom Cranmer afterward made tutor to Edward Sixth. He caused scandal by being the first to bring a wife to live within the walls of the college. He subsequently became Bishop of Ely. Nicholas Udall, his successor, oddly enough combined his collegiate duties with those of stage manager to Queen Elizabeth's private theatricals at Windsor! Udall also fell under the unpleasant suspicion of conspiring with two of the collegers to purloin the college plate, but he seems to have silenced his traducers, for he afterward was promoted to be head-master of Westminster School.

Dr. Barnard, who became head-master in 1754, is famed as the most spirited and successful master of the eighteenth century. He it was who "birched the conceit out of Charles James Fox," and put down foppery among the boys by cutting off their cues and forbidding the wearing of ruffled shirts. Dr. Joseph Goodall, whose sway began in 1801, ruled the school for nine years, and then became provost for thirty years more. The income of the head-master of Eton is not less than $15,000 a year.

The sports in vogue at Eton are rowing, cricket, foot-ball, and fives—named in the order of their present popularity. Boating has for many generations been one of the most popular amusements, the site affording facilities which no other public school save Westminster can boast. Swimming, too, has long held an honored place among Eton accomplishments. Out of the fact that Eton and Westminster are the only two schools situated on a noble river grew up a rivalry in rowing that extended also to scholarship, and there is always more or less emulation between the schools.

During the summer half-year, says an old Etonian, "cricket is a formidable rival to the attractions of the river. Like rowing, it requires a good deal of time and practice, and few boys excel in both. In fact, the school is divided into Wet-bobs and Dry-bobs, as they are called, the former devoting themselves to the boats and the latter to the playing fields. Of course, a Dry-bob boats occasionally, and a Wet-bob plays cricket for amusement, but each lays himself out for excellence in his special line. Apart from cricket and foot-ball, the only game now recognized is fives. The more juvenile amusements have long been voted beneath the dignity of a public-school boy—a fastidiousness of taste which does not, perhaps, increase the happiness of the little boys. They played marbles at Eton as late as 1821, and tops survived many years longer, being regularly introduced for some ten days after the return of the school from the summer holidays until about 1835." But these "baby games" are now tabooed.

Eton was the first public school to start a magazine of its own—"The Microcosm," founded in 1786. But it lived only two years, and not till sixteen years later did its successor appear—"The Miniature." It too was short-lived. But in 1821 "The Etonian" came, and came to stay for several years. Then there were "The Eton Miscellany," "The Oppidan," and many others. The columns of all of these, of course, were filled by the boys themselves, and many a pen afterward famous was first employed in these youthful literary enterprises. Foremost among these young journalists in recent years were Praed, H. N. Coleridge, Gladstone, Hallam, and Doyle.

Eton College is essentially the seminary for the sons of the nobility and gentry of England. In this respect it outdoes Harrow. But though the tone of the school and the somewhat expensive mode of living in vogue among the oppidans virtually prohibit the sons of poor parents from entering there, unless as king's scholars, yet the social atmosphere is healthy, free from snobbery and toadyism, and somewhat democratic.

To *become* an Etonian is the ambition of many an English lad; to *be* an Etonian, the scholars themselves think, with that pride and belief in "Ours" which is such an incentive and aid to *esprit de corps*, is all that a boy can desire; to *have been* an Etonian and a credit to the school is often a passport to success in manhood and a never-failing source of pleasant memories.

TO FAME.

"Bright fairy of the morn, with flowers arrayed
Whose beauties to thy young pursuer seem
Beyond the ecstasy of poet's dream—
Shall I o'ertake thee, ere thy luster fade?

"Ripe glory of the noon, to dazzled eyes
A pageant of delight and power and gold,
Dissolving into mirage manifold—
Do I o'ertake thee, or mistake my prize?

"Dull shadow of the evening, gaunt and gray,
At random thrown, beyond me, or above,
And cold as memory in the arms of love—
Have I o'erta'en thee, but to cast away?"

"No morn, or noon, or eve am I," she said,
"But night, the depth of night behind the sun;
By all mankind pursued, but never won,
Until my shadow falls upon a shade."

—*R. D. Blackmore, in Harper's Magazine.*

NO.*

A Serial Story.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CHAPTER XXI.

"No, my dear boy. It is time to-day for me to use our watch-word.

"In the first place, the money is invested in your name, and how was I to get it without an order from you? Dear Jack, your head was too thoroughly turned to remember even this small detail. Is such excitement wholesome for either your soul or body?

"In the next place, have you forgotten your experience in betting at that billiard-table at the shore? Speculating in stocks is just as much gambling as that was; it is risking money on chance. Did Mr. Jones tell you when he recounted the gains of stock-dealing what its losses were? Did he detail to you the long black list of ruined men, of suicides, of defaulters for whom this business is responsible? I don't think he did. Speculation is the refuge of the lazy, the discontented, the dishonest, the self-indulgent, the extravagant, and the greedy. Do you want to be classed with any of these? God did not say to Adam, when he sinned and lost his first estate, that he must take his chances in the outside world; that would have been a curse indeed! No; he was set no such task. Work for bread was his penalty, and, like all our Father's chastisements, it was a disguised blessing. Work for what you need and want, my boy; and take the healthy, innocent enjoyment in it that honest work brings. But believe me, Jack, much as I love you, I would rather see you working on the road with shovel and pick than see you in the stock exchange making millions of money by speculation.

"Besides all this, you are a Christian man, bound by your solemn public profession to follow Christ as your Captain and King. What would he say to a mode of money-making that grew on the losses of others, as a toadstool grows on a fallen and decayed tree? For every gain you make in this way is some other man's loss. And have you any right to destroy the usefulness or the life of the body dedicated to his service in the excitement and anxiety of a speculator's life? Hear what one of them says:

"'We Wall Street men are killed off by our intensity. We live too fast, and do too much under pressure. Nature cannot bear the constant strain. Think of the nerves and brain being in a constant whirl from 10 to 3! They do not calm down even then, and in most men the excitement is kept up day and night. Few of us sleep well; we get up tired and go to bed worn-out. We live on excitement, and many of us drink and smoke to keep it up. Is it strange that such men should crack to pieces suddenly?'

"Now, my Jack, you will very naturally say that all this does not refer to your trying to double up a hundred dollars; but it does. That is the first step, and the very excitement you show about it proves that it is like the first dram, a beginning of that down grade which leads into the very jaws of death. My dear boy, I have said very little to you about the constitutional tendency in your case to unnatural excitement, both mental and physical. It is a dreadful inheritance which is not your fault; but there is all the more reason that you should manfully resist it. Strength is one of the results of conflict, and unless you want to make shipwreck of faith and character you must fight, and fight the beginnings of evil, its first temptations. I say again, 'Quit yourselves like men, be strong!'

"This is the longest letter I ever wrote you, Jack, but I am in an agony for you, my boy; and I go from this letter to God, to ask him who is mighty to save, and who once rescued 'the only son of his mother, and she a widow,' from the grave, to rescue my only son from spiritual death.

"Think it all over, Jack, and then write to me. Your very loving MAMMY."

Jack read this long epistle with very mixed feelings at first. His pride was hurt at the idea that he could not do what he would with his own, for he did not reflect that this sum in the savings-bank was the result of his mother's self-denial of many a little thing, for which use he had sent her his superfluity. And then, man-like, particularly like a young man, he thought she had made a great fuss about a small matter. He felt disturbed and chagrined, but he resolved not to answer her at once.

It was a habit with Manice never to answer a letter of importance, or one that stirred her feelings much, till she had a night's sleep. The evening Bible reading, the prayers of night and morning, the rest of sleep, all calmed her mind and strengthened her soul. She had trained her children to the same practice, and now Jack found its use. As he lay in his bed, still perturbed about this matter, but more tranquil than at first, there came into his mind certain verses of Scripture about the uses and dangers of wealth, of making haste to be rich, of the love of money, of Christ's poverty and patience, of the apostolic warnings to the churches in the epistles, and he could not but see that all trended toward his mother's position, all seemed to be in unison with her words. Gradually he recognized that her wisdom was from above, her voice the echo of the Master's, and he fell asleep in the rest of submission, and in the morning sent her just these words:

"DEAR MOTHER: I wont! By the help of God I never will.

"Your thankful JACK."

He would have been rewarded for a greater sacrifice could he have seen Manice's upward look of gratitude, or heard her whispered thanksgiving as she laid the letter away in her

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Bible against the record of Jack's birth. Not six months after he had cause for an equally fervent thankfulness on his own account. Augustus Jones made an unfortunate speculation, and not only lost all he had gained, but, in a desperate effort to recover his losses, plunged deeper into the stormy sea of stock-broking, took money from the bank—borrowed it, as he phrased it—that is what Lew Denning called it too—and, after all, lost again, lost not only his money, but his character and his position. He fled to Canada, and his wife went back to her father's house; she had cared for what Augustus could give her rather than for him. So in due time she obtained a divorce, her gay dream of pleasure being over, and is of no further concern to this history.

Augustus drives a public hack in Montreal, and only wishes he had stolen enough money to enjoy the good things of this life in that "foreign" country, as plenty of his fellow-sinners and compatriots do. Perhaps he will learn before he dies just what the pleasures of sin are; and what is the real meaning of that little book so sweet in the mouth, so bitter in the digestion, that St. John tells of.

But now Jack had become a man in reality. He was of age, was made a voter, had a class in Sunday-school, and was Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association to which he belonged. He began to consider society a real pleasure, and, thanks to Mr. Gray, he had introduction into that which was agreeable and respectable.

He made a good many calls, and being a bright, pleasant, honest-faced young fellow, was frequently invited out to spend the evening at places where there were small parties.

Of course, he met many young ladies, some whom he liked more than others, but none who really deeply interested him. Manice's son had a high, if unconscious, standard of what a woman should be, and none of the girls he saw could bear a comparison with his mother and sisters. There were good girls and lady-like girls among them, but in the society of men they did themselves great injustice, for they were so eager to attract and please that they put on a thousand airs and graces which were absurd.

Jack expounded his opinion of them at some length to his sisters when he went out to Danvers for his yearly vacation.

"O Nan and Ally," he said, as he swung idly in the hammock, and, with half-closed eyes, watched the girls at their sewing, "how glad I am you haven't learned to handle your eyes, like the B—— girls!"

"Handle our eyes!" exclaimed Anne.

"Yes; that's what they call it."

"How do they do it?" laughed Alice.

"Ask me if—well—if I'll have a glass of water, and I'll show you."

"Mr. Boyd, will you have a glass of water?" said Anne, demurely.

"O thanks, yaas, if it's not *too* awfully much trouble," and Jack bent his head to one side, gently closed his eyes, and opened them with a forced expression of shy modesty that made the girls scream with laughter.

"Then here's another way they do," and Jack looked at his sisters in a sidelong manner, dropped his lids, gave a shy look the other way, and put on a simper that overpowered Anne and Alice utterly. They laughed till they cried.

"What do they do it for?" gasped Alice, when she caught her breath again.

"O, they think it is pretty; that the gentlemen like it!"

"Do they?" asked Anne, dryly.

"Like it! If those girls could only hear 'em poke fun at it! There's one girl whom all the fellows call "Eyes right." She's rather pretty, and she thinks she is a great beauty; but you just ought to see her roll her eyes up like a dying duck, or drop the lids as if they were hatchway doors, or look askew, the way I did, or shut 'em when she speaks whenever there's a man 'round. It is too ridiculous! If she'd look out of her eyes straight, and speak in her natural voice, and be jolly and straightforward, she would be a bright, pretty girl. As it is, she is an absurd idiot, and only a laughing-stock to the very ones she is so anxious to please."

Mimy, who was dusting the parlor that opened onto this piazza, had heard all this through the window. The girls and Jack knew she was there, so her eavesdropping was innocent, and she put her head out now, and said,

"Seems as though you don't make no great fist at sweetheartin', Master Jack, to be talkin' so onreverent about girls."

"That's so, Mimy. I don't see any body so good as I've got here. What do I want of a sweetheart when I have mother and Alice and Anne? I don't see any body that can hold a candle to them."

The girls got up with mock dignity, and executed two old-fashioned "curtseys" (were they not originally "courtesies?") at him, and solemnly said. "Thanks, me lord, for your kyind approval," much to Jack's delight.

"Well, you'd better kurchy to him. 'Tisn't every day folks get a tell like that," went on Mimy, brandishing her duster emphatically.

"But don't you boast too much, my young man; Miss Right haint come to town yet. When she does, you'll go down like a nine-pin, now I tell ye! You're just the one. But for the land's sake, do look before ye leap! It's one thing courtin' a girl and bein' bewitched an' beset about her, and another thing to be married up to her and exper'ence all her ups an' downs, that you didn't so much as guess at before all your nateral life. Set the one that you think you've got to have, whether or no, along-side of your ma; that's the way. I don't say 't any girl can be jest like her, beshooshe-may! It takes time an' patience to make a mulberry-leaf satin, but you want to make sure *'tis* a mulberry-leaf you've picked an' no other. A mullein-leaf wont so much as make brown crash!"

Jack laughed for answer, but there came a time when Mimy's homely wisdom returned to him as a sort of moral shower-bath, and braced up his soul to say to itself the watch-word of his life with desperate emphasis.

Soon after Jack returned from his vacation, he found himself promoted to be teller, vice Augustus Jones, fled to parts unknown, afterward known to be Canada.

One day as he was writing at his desk the heavy door of the bank slowly opened, and there entered a figure that seemed to Jack something between a fairy and an angel. Really, it was Miss Jessica Blythe, the daughter of the president of B—— Bank, the Hon. Solomon Blythe, once mayor of B——, twice United States Senator, and now bank president and millionaire. No wonder at the prefix to his name.

Mr. Blythe was in the directors' room ostensibly conducting important business all by himself—actually reading a New York morning paper.

Miss Jessie had been in Europe for the last five years, four of them passed at school in Paris, the fifth traveling with her mother and her grandfather all over Europe.

She was a remarkably beautiful girl, and many another youth besides our Jack had considered her, for a time, a supernatural being.

Her hair was soft and bright, and rested on her low white brow like the crinkled golden fleece of the witch-hazel's blossom; her eyes blue as the turquoises on her satin-white fingers; her mouth delicate, pouting, and opening its scarlet lips to show teeth pure and regular as fresh grains of corn. Her features were regular, her figure slight and graceful, her dress faultless in taste; and as she glided across the dingy bank floor to the room where she knew she should find her father, and get her empty purse refilled; no wonder Jack was dazzled!

The sweet ring of a girlish voice, the ripple of girlish laughter from the directors' room, deepened the impression Miss Jessica had made on the young teller.

He made inquiry of Frank Sherman, and found out who she was, and from that hour Jack's dreams, by day or night, were haunted by the beautiful face of Jessie Blythe.

Had "Miss Right come to town?"

[*To be continued.*]

THE RESCUE OF SANDY MacGOVAN.

A BALLAD OF THE LATE WAR.

THE cry of Sandy MacGovan, of the Veteran Volunteers!
He cries where the fight is fiercest, piercing each heart that hears.

"Water!" beyond the breastworks, that cry 'mid the terrible din—
Who'll face the hail of the bullets to bring young Sandy in?

"Here!" comes an instant answer; "I'll be the first that tries;
The soldier that falls by MacGovan the bravest of deaths he dies."

The first is gone, and a second—swept down by the hellish rain;
Send a third! Never Sandy MacGovan let the helpless cry in vain.

The third is gone, and a fourth; in a moment the fifth will go—
Lo, the last brings Sandy MacGovan, torn from the hands of the foe.

Ay, snatched from the enemy's hands, but life is almost gone;
"Farewell, brave Sandy MacGovan—one grasp, and we fight on!"

Was it worth three men, then, think you, to bring one in to die?
Follow them into the slaughter, and mark each comrade's eye.

If praise be for heroes, remember the thousands that bore the scars
In place of the leaf of the eagle, in place of the bars or the stars.—*John Vance Cheney.*

A BICYCLE RUN IN NORTH WALES.

THE clocks of Chester were striking half past eight on the morning of Sept. 17, as the writer, mounted on a 54-inch "Rudge," passed the ancient Roman walls, crossed the river Dee by the Grosvenor Bridge—the largest single stone arch in the world—and turned westward for a sixty-mile ride to Bangor.

With almost a gale square at my back, and a three-mile stretch of level white turnpike before me, I could not refrain from a rapid spin, which, in a little over forty minutes, brought me to Hawarden, a small village seven miles from Chester, and near which is Hawarden Castle—the home of Mr. W. E. Gladstone.

Having visited the place the day before, I stopped only for a moment, and then took saddle again for Flint. Just as I left the village, two little fellows came trudging along with slates and book-bags. One of them accosted me with,

"Will you put us onto the time, sir?"

I "put them onto" it, and apparently it was later than they supposed, for away they ran as if the school-master were behind them with his birch, rather than waiting to give them a warm reception on their arrival.

I may as well describe once for all the scene which invariably attended my flight through a town or village. Every youngster in the place would turn out and follow in my wake, shouting in the Welsh dialect at the top of his well-developed voice. Such a yelling, hooting, and howling I never heard before! Moreover, every mother's son of them was shod in wooden-soled shoes, so that on the first occasion I imagined that I was being hotly pursued by a squadron of heavy dragoons.

Such abysmal ignorance of geography I never encountered before. I would ask in each town the way to the next point on my route. Often the only reply would be a shake of the head. The most irritating and frequent answer was,

"Go straight on, ye cawn't miss it."

Having on several occasions satisfied myself that I could miss it, I always resented this form of reply, and invariably demanded more minute directions, which were given in a kind of English that was as crooked as the road.

A ride of ten miles over beautiful rolling country brought me to the town of Holywell, where I waited only long enough to receive instructions, and then pressed on through New Market to Ryddlan.

New Market was the most forlorn and dilapidated village that I saw all day. Several of the houses were in ruins, the children were unusually ragged and noisy, and the old men and women hanging about the door of the church were particularly weazen and shriveled. A peculiar bequest was made some years ago by a resident of the town. He left the sum of £5, the interest of which was to be expended in flannel for four of the old men and women of the village. The donor, in order to add a little excitement to the dull routine of the hamlet, and at the same time to settle the question of selection, further provided that once a year all the old men and women should assemble and "draw lots or throw dice in the church porch." As this interesting ceremony was not in progress, I hastened on to Ryddlan, where, from a knoll on the bank of a little stream, an ivy-covered Welsh castle looks down with time-worn frown. The scene from the bridge where I halted was picturesque in the extreme, but my appetite was impatient with my admiration, and a half hour later I dismounted at the "King's Arms" Inn at Abergeley, thirty-four miles out. Thanks largely to the favoring wind, I had ridden the distance in four hours and fifteen minutes, including all stops.

The good landlady of the "King's Arms" set before me what is known on the other side of the Atlantic as a square meal, to which I did such ample justice that I think I astonished the waitress, whose audible reports of my progress to the cook were amusing, if not positively mortifying.

"La, 'e's 'ad three 'elpin's o' lamb;" "Hall o' that happle tart 'ave gone;" "Do you think 'e'll do hisself mischief?" and the like, greeted my ears.

Much to my own surprise I at last succeeded in satisfying my appetite, and taking a book of the peerage from the table I reclined at ease in a comfortable chair.

The "peerage" is an interesting volume. It gives lists of the nobility from the dukes down, and tells the proper form in which to address titled people of all ranks. Recognizing the importance of knowing how to accost a nobleman, in view of the intimate relations which are likely to exist between myself and "the upper ten thousand," I carefully committed these forms to memory, and am now prepared to greet any and all of the nobility with affable and ceremonious cordiality.

After a rest of thirty minutes, I again mounted my wheel, and started for Conway. A two-mile ride brought me to the open sea. From this point all the way to Bangor I was in sight of the water. The scenery, heretofore pastoral and monotonous, now became grand and impressive. On my left rose lofty bluffs, rugged with blue and grayish stone. The road was most of the time a gallery cut in the solid rock, and following the outline of the cliffs. On the right, a hundred feet or more below, lay the sea covered with white-caps and dotted with sails of a reddish hue.

Every now and then I passed through some watering place, with hotels, cottages, and shops; the level beaches lined with bathing machines—bath-houses on wheels, in which bathers are drawn down to the water and brought back again.

The coast of North Wales is a popular resort for tourists, although the season is rapidly approaching its close now.

At half past three I crossed a suspension bridge, and rode

up under the walls of Conway Castle. In olden times the winding of a bugle would have brought a warder to the wicket, but now a bicycler might whistle himself black in the face and get no response. This castle is one of the most complete in Wales, and is one of a long line of similar fortifications which, in the days of Edward I., were built all the way from Chester to Carnarvon, to form a base of operations for the subjection of Wales.

From Conway to Bangor the scenery was similar to that already described—high cliffs washed by the sea. The road was not as good as it had been all day, the wind had gone down, there were more hills, so, every thing considered, the last sixteen miles of my ride were less enjoyable than the earlier portions of my trip.

At last I saw the turrets of Penryn Castle towering above the trees on a noble hill, and I knew my journey was almost ended.

I rode into the narrow street of Bangor, and inquired for the "George Hotel," whither my party had preceded me, only to find that I had still two miles to go.

Having manfully resisted two temptations to quarrel with men who told me, "Go straight ahead, ye cawn't miss it," and having twice "missed it," I finally dismounted at the "George," and gladly resigned to an 'ostler the care of the steed that had brought me sixty-three miles from Chester to Menai Strait.

SMUGGLERS' TRICKS.

THE annals of custom-houses make interesting reading. The devices for evading the payment of duties are almost endless. False heels, hollow canes, false trunk-bottoms, even dental cavities are used for hiding contraband articles. The following facts from a French journal throw additional light on the arts of smugglers:

At one of the Paris barriers there exists a museum of contrivances used for the smuggling of liquors into the city which have been captured on various occasions by the employees of the octroi. Here are piles of common white plates, the top one of which on being lifted off shows a cylinder of tin piercing the remainder of the pile. Here are rolls of linen, which are merely a few yards of stuff wrapped around a tin box fashioned to the requisite shape, and with ends artistically finished off with strips of linen set on end.

Here are two great blocks of stone that, on closer inspection, prove to be tin-lined boxes with artistically fitting ends. Here are three stout folio volumes bound in calf, and labeled "The Philosophy of Nations." With these books under his arm a pale, interesting-looking young student used to wander forth into the suburbs to pursue his studies.

One day an inquisitive custom-house officer, grown suspicious from the fact that the youth always carried out the same books to study, insisted on opening one of these volumes. He found that the leaves had been nicely cut away with a sharp knife to afford a secret niche for a square case-bottle, which was filled with brandy—a similar contrivance existing in each of the other two books.

But the cleverest trick of all was one which was very complicated and costly in its details, but which must have paid handsomely, as it was carried on for months without detection. A lady and gentleman, seated in a plain, respectable-looking coupé, drawn by a good horse, and driven by a coachman in livery, were wont to drive out to the Bois de Boulogne every afternoon, returning usually about dusk. The gentleman was evidently an invalid. He was always enveloped in a fur-lined cloak with the collar raised around his throat, and had a fur cap pulled down over his brows, while the little that could be seen of his countenance was of a sickly pallor. He was always reclining in a corner of the carriage, as if too feeble to sit erect, while his attentive wife sat beside him, evidently solicitous for his welfare, being especially careful to keep his cloak wrapped around him. The guardians of the octroi saw the vehicle and its inmates pass by them without suspicion.

One day, however, after making the usual inquiry, "Have you any thing to disclose?" the custom-house officer, on closing the door, struck the supposed invalid's foot.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the officer.

No response; not so much as an inclination of the head. Rather surprised, the officer repeated his remark in a louder tone, at the same time touching the sick man's shoulder. At that moment the lady and coachman leaped from their respective places and fled away with surprising swiftness, leaving in the hands of the officers the horses, the carriage, and the invalid, which last was found to be made of tin and filled with brandy—his face being most artistically constructed of wax. The space under the seat of the coupé and the coachman's box was also reservoirs of tin, so that the smuggling transaction of the party had been practiced on a very extensive scale.

IMPERIAL SOAP.

THE artistic talent and literary genius of the present age are enlisted together in an effort to impress upon mankind the peculiar virtues of various soaps. But in a wide range of soap advertisements collected in this country and in Europe we have never seen the following veracious incident, which is perhaps now for the first time given to the public. A gentleman of the highest reputation stands sponsor for its truth:

It is a well-known fact that the Italian government is engaged in excavations in Rome with the object of bringing to light the ancient city which is buried beneath debris which has been accumulating for centuries. Workmen employed by the government not long ago opened a tomb which contained among other relics a handsome work of art in bronze. Contrary to regulations the workmen sold the bronze on the spot to a Russian nobleman who chanced to see it, and who, proud of his acquisition, concealed his prize from the authorities and sent it to his northern home. It transpired in some way, however, that an ornament had been found, and the government, investigating the case, learned that the newly opened tomb contained in addition to the statuette a heap of ashes of such unusual whiteness and purity that one of the laborers had taken them home to his wife. She, being an excellent housewife, had turned them to good use in making a batch of soap. Imagine the horror of the antiquarians who knew from the inscription on the tomb that the ashes were all that remained of a Roman emperor. Not even Shakespeare could have found poetic inspiration in the thought of an

"Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to *soap!*"

SELF-SACRIFICING.

SOME children are very slow to learn self-reliance. They early begin to expect to have even the smallest of their duties performed for them by mother, sister, or nurse, and as they increase in years their demands become more and more unbearable. We know a young lady—so young that she has not progressed far in the art of speech—who has an inimitable way of answering inquiries. She is blessed with a host of admiring relatives, who exercise their time-honored right to vex the child with such questions as, "What's oo's name?" "Who's girlie's oo?" and so forth. To all these little Mary replies with an air of being very much bored, "Ask mamma," or, "Mamma 'll tell you." Not long ago a young gentleman who had been somewhat attentive to the little girl's elder sister called upon the family, and incidently asked little Mary for a kiss. "O, kiss sister," she said; and both her sister and the young gentleman were somewhat embarrassed at the laugh which greeted the success of Mary's unconscious mind-reading.

LONGFELLOW'S TORMENTORS.

FROM "Longfellow's Journal," as published in his recent biography, we learn that his peace of mind was disturbed by the most unreasoning of correspondents and visitors. The following are specimen entries in the poet's diary:

11th. In the twilight, a visit from a vender of essences, who offered a great bargain; namely, that he would give me one dollar's worth of his essences, and I should write for him a poetical epistle to Jenny Lind asking charity in his behalf. Stupid dolt! it took me some time to make him comprehend the indecency of his behavior. Truly, an ignoble Yankee is a very ignoble being.

21st. A letter from a youth in the town of McLenonsville, Tenn., asking no less than this:

"Some directions as to a course of reading; what authors in poetry, in romance, in philosophy; your opinion of Kant and Carlyle, fully. Please make suggestions, such as would likely be beneficial to a young man entering upon life's serious responsibilities, wishing to form a style most congenial to his taste!"

27th. Mr. ——, phrenologist, called just before dinner, and asked me to let him stay and dine—which of course I did not refuse. I never saw him before.

Why will people write so?—strangers mostly, making strange requests. Here, now, is a letter which I shall not answer; the writer, entirely unknown, says,

"Now I want you to write me a few lines for a young lady's album, to be written as an acrostic to read 'My Dearest One.' If you will please imagine yourself a young man loving a beautiful young lady, who has promised to be his wife, and then write as you would for yourself, you will much oblige one who has been an ardent admirer of your poems."

Then at the bottom of the page, "Send bill."

6th. A farmer in Michigan writes to inform me that he has written a poem on the Iroquois tradition of Hiawatha, and wishes me to "indorse" it, so that he may escape "the baleful influence likely to arise in the minds of many that it must be in some sort a copy or imitation of the 'Song of Hiawatha.'" Rather cool!

IN the morning fix thy good purpose, and at night examine thyself what thou hast done, and how thou hast behaved thyself, in word, deed, and thought; for in these perhaps thou hast oftentimes offended both God and thy neighbor.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 25 a year for single subscription. Special rates to clubs of ten or more.

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

A BOSTON lecturer who has a wide hearing when he speaks, and wider still when he writes, sent a circular to a large number of men representing different branches of the Christian Church, asking this question: "What are three of your strongest reasons for personally believing that Christianity is divine?" This was the substance, if not the precise form, of the inquiry. Now, to one who is a thorough Christian, another man's arguments in favor of the divinity of the Christian religion are not necessary to his personal strength as a believer. As well might another man present a series of arguments to prove the possibility of vision, the existence of the sun, and the beauty of a landscape. He may be interested to hear other writers describe these realities, but such description does not increase his faith in them. One who has genuine Christian experience has no doubt of the divine existence, the history, life, death, resurrection, ascension, and present influence of Jesus Christ, nor of the fact of immortality. He sees them by a spiritual intuition—he lives, moves, and has his being in them. He cannot describe to others how it is or why it is. But he is as firmly convinced of their truth as he is of his own existence. But there are many who need confirmation of faith, and there are many skeptics who may be impressed and won by living witnesses. Therefore the propriety of the question issued by the Boston teacher.

To the editor of OUR YOUTH one of these circulars came. He was unable at the time, owing to excessive labors which could not then be avoided or postponed, to give a reply. He did make a few notes which he expected to revise and expand later on, but when the time came it was too late to serve the purpose of the questioner. May the editor, dropping the third person, give in substance the answer which he would have been glad to give under favorable circumstances? There may be young persons who are troubled with doubt to whom these words of personal conviction and experience may prove profitable. We are sorry to believe that thousands of our young people, brought up in Christian families, are not so carefully trained in the fundamental facts and doctrines of Christianity and in the living experience of its power as to save them from the ravages of modern and popular skepticism. Parents and teachers take too much for granted. They have known the first principles of faith so long, and rested in them so fully, that they assume a similar faith and mental condition in the young people. No man becomes at first acquainted with historical or experimental Christianity by intuition. Men must teach, and the Spirit of God must teach, before the soul can know, and the divine order is human teachers as mediums of divine forces. If we neglect to instruct our children in the foundations of faith, we must not be surprised if their spiritual light and zeal are lacking. We thus prepare the way for more direct evidence. Let us, then, present in the first person our answer to the question above reported.

I BELIEVE the Christian religion to be from God, 1. Because of my mother's character, spirit, and example. She was a sweet, gentle, steady, faithful woman and mother. I early became familiar with her face, her smile, her touch, her policy in government, and found the atmosphere of our home filled with a peculiar grace. I was early impressed with the fact that she was the possessor of some wonderful power which made her what she was. This power, she said, and she said it in manifold ways, and always said it, was owing to the Lord Jesus Christ, whom she loved, about whom she talked a great deal, of whom she read constantly in the Scriptures. This Lord she seemed habitually to serve. She sought to imitate him. His spirit and life she most marvelously reproduced. She seemed, in fact, a re-incarnation of Jesus Christ. What he was represented to be in the Scriptures (which were daily read at family prayer and to her children in private) she was, according to her measure, in every-day life. Again and again she attributed every thing that was good in her to him. Her testimony was explicit and her example wonderful. From the time I looked into her beautiful eyes as I rested a simple babe in her arms, all through my early boyhood, and up to the time I was twenty years of age, at which time she died, I saw in her what Jesus was on the earth, and what he must still be. I saw also how his life may be reproduced in human lives to-day. Therefore the Christianity with which I became acquainted in my childhood was concreted and incarnated, as really as the house we lived in, the mountain that rose behind it, and the sun that filled it with light. It was not a Christianity of history, of abstract doctrine, of ecclesiasticism, of symbol and ceremony, but a Christianity vital, forceful, practical, filling seven days every week with its incarnate power.

I BELIEVE Christianity to be from God, 2. Because, as I grew older, I became acquainted with the life, works, and character of Jesus of Nazareth, as they were set forth in the religious teachings of my home, the instructions of the pulpit, and in personal reading and study as a theological student. I studied him as a bold and impressive fact in human history. I studied him historically, ethically, doctrinally, and as a factor in civilization. I studied him in the testimony of the Church, in her formulas of faith, and in the experiences of her members as set forth in song, testimony, and sermon through all the Christian centuries. In this process of investigation I found him to be precisely what my mother, by her beautiful object-lesson of daily life, had represented him to be. I was forced to the conclusion that he was an exception in human nature, a supernatural revelation to man from whom must come regenerating and sanctifying power. He was to me inexplicable unless his claims to be a divine teacher are accepted. Jesus of Nazareth, my mother's inspiration; Jesus of Nazareth, the central figure in the history of the race, must have been God incarnate. Nor did I find myself alone in this conclusion. The same truth was voiced by the foremost minds of the race, sages, statesmen, artists, warriors, and by the great army of royal-souled men who had consecrat-

ed themselves to the Christian ministry and to the furtherance of Christian learning from the very beginning until now. The glorious Spirit that pervaded him of my childhood I found embodied through the centuries in the most magnificent men and women who had lived on the planet.

I BELIEVE Christianity to be from God, 3. Because of the testimony of my personal experience. With increasing years, under the keen sense of my personal needs, I have repeatedly tested the promises which the teachings of Jesus Christ and the other Scriptures contain, and by personal experiment satisfied myself that the mysterious power in my mother's life, which was also projected into the sphere of human history, is as divine in its origin as nature and the human soul themselves. He who made the universe gave Jesus Christ and his Book to the race. What I saw in the home of my childhood, sustained as it was by the wide study of human history, I proved to be real by personal experience. I felt the burden of guilt. For years it rested heavily upon me. I found the play of human passion mightier than my firmest resolutions. I knew that the law was spiritual, and that I was carnal, sold under sin. What I hated, that I did. I saw that "in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing: for to will [was] present with me, but to do that which [was] good [was] not. For the good which I would I [did] not: but the evil which I would not, that [did] I practice."* I cried out, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me out of the body of this death?" After many years of struggle, of alternating hope and despair, I came to be an implicit believer in the life, death, resurrection, and testimony of Jesus Christ. When with the heart I believed on him unto righteousness, the sense of guilt was removed, the pardon of sin was assured, the love and peace of God became supreme. The sin I had loved was now loathsome, and the joy of the Lord unspeakable. This is a matter of personal consciousness. If law and sin which brought darkness be real, mercy and pardon which bring light and peace are real. This consciousness is produced in the heart by one only process, conformity to the divine order as set forth in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Because of this living personal experience, corroborated by the universal testimony of believers who have implicitly accepted the personal Christ as a personal Saviour, sustained as it is by the facts of history, and interpreted as it was in my earliest childhood by the spirit and life of my mother, I must believe the Christian Bible, the Christian Man of Nazareth, to be divine.

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for October 31, 1886. JESUS RISEN.—John 20. 1–18.
GOLDEN TEXT.—Luke 24. 34.

PREFATORY. Death! Silence! Sorrow! Bereavement! The disciples scattered. The malignant foe satisfied. The final victory achieved over the "teacher," the "master," the "king." He is dead enough now and out of sight. No more teaching! No more wonder-working! No more summoning of the Sanhedrin to consult and to adopt measures of circumvention! A victory for the Jews! But some victories are worse than defeats.

INTERROGATORY. Who was Mary Magdalene? Why did she come to the grave? What surprise awaited her? What did she do? What did she say to Peter and John? Describe Peter's visit to the sepulcher. Whom did Mary see in the grave? And whom did she see as she turned back? Give her conversation with Jesus.

* New Version.

HOMILY. A child took a seed and put it into the ground out of sight. He put the earth above it, and with his little finger patted it down, and said, "Now it is gone." Coming into the house, he opened his little palm, showing that the thing he had carried out was not there, and he said, "It is gone." To his little sister who asked him about the seed, he said, "It is gone." To his mother he said, "It is gone." It was a very pretty seed, very tiny and smooth, and of a lovely tint. But the child said, "Now it is gone." Down in the ground, out of the sight of the children, and out of the sight of the sun, the tint and the polish of the seed were soon lost, and the hard casing that covered its inner heart soon softened. Then it broke open, the beauty gone. It became mixed with the brown earth, and if the child that planted it could have seen it as it lay there an almost shapeless, softened mass, he would have said with emphasis, "It is gone, all gone." But one day there came up out of the ground where the seed had been placed a little light-green shoot, delicate, and little like the thing that was planted there. And the child, looking on, wondered, and said, "I thought it was gone; but here it is larger and more beautiful." Thus from the seed came the sprout, from the sprout came the stem, and from the stem shot down roots and reached out branches, and the branches in due time were filled with leaves, and among the leaves were blossoms, and after the blossoms came fruit, and in the fruit were seeds again. And the mother said to the child, "Behold, it is not *all* gone, for there is more life in it, and there are more seeds since you planted it," and the child wondered at the way of nature.

There are many ways in which resurrection power reveals itself. And what happens in the vegetable world happens in the world of man. So the Christ taught the ages that the seed put into the ground may come forth. And when John saw him later on, as he revealed himself on the island of Patmos in his great beauty and glory, he knew the power of the resurrection.

This is the inmost truth of this great fact of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. How filled with wonder was Mary Magdalene! How surprised were Peter and John! How sweet the greeting which Jesus gave to Mary! How glorious the message which was carried to the disciples: "The Lord is risen indeed!" This great fact in the history of Christ cannot be called in question.

PRAYER. To Thee who art the resurrection and the life we come, seeking Thy life, the new life, the life of grace, the life of God, the life eternal. Give us Thyself, O true Vine, and we shall live for ever in Thee and by Thee. Amen.

BEST BOOKS.

Temperance Teachings of Science. By A. B. Palmer, M.D., LL.D. With an Introduction by Mary A. Livermore. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 163 pp., price, 55 cents. This little book is a necessity. There is a place for it wherever there are young people to be tempted by strong drink. It gives briefly, clearly, and simply the facts about alcohol, its composition, its manufacture, and its effects upon the human system. All intelligent boys and girls will be interested in its teachings and benefited by its warnings.

Wood-Working Tools: How to Use Them. A Manual. Boston: Ginn, Heath, & Co. 102 pp. The Industrial School Association of Boston has prepared this volume as a text-book of directions and exercises in the use of wood-working tools. Its instructions are highly practical and are made clearer by an abundance of correct illustrations. Although intended for use in schools under a teacher, it should be a treasure to many an ingenious boy who is sure to hammer, and saw, and plane any way, and who, by following these directions, may begin right—a matter which is of the highest importance.

Two Arrows: A Story of Red and White. By William O. Stoddard. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. No matter how badly the Indians may be treated by the army, the government, the land speculators, and other grown-up and unromantic persons, the red men will always be prime favorites with the boys and girls. This story of "Two Arrows" is thoroughly interesting, and is entirely free from the coarseness and sensationalism which render many books of western life unwholesome and dangerous to the young.

Rolf House. By Lucy C. Lillie. New York: Harper & Brothers. Mrs. Lillie, the author of "Cousin Gertrude's Story" in OUR YOUTH, is one of the most popular writers for young people, and she has never done any thing which has pleased her readers more than this volume, which many have read as a serial, and which many more will enjoy reading in this new and beautiful edition.

SOMEBODY wants to know a good book to help out the teachings of the school geographies. There is nothing better than "The Statesman's Year-book," published annually by Macmillan & Co., London, England. The three dollars which the school-teacher expends for a copy of this manual will be repaid manifold from the riches of information which fill its pages. It contains just what is valuable to know about the government, population, and trade of every country of importance on the globe.

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

WESLEY—APOSTLESHIP.*

FEW men have shown more than Wesley that self-possession or repose characteristic of the most elevated minds, and which art has instinctively impressed upon the classic works of antiquity. It was, doubtless, one of the causes as well as one of the indications of his power. He could hardly be disconcerted, or thrown from the right attitude of his strength. He moved, year after year, through varied and intolerable opposition—attacks from the press, the pulpit, and the mob; but he always appears the same calm, powerful man. It was not his temperament alone, but his faith, as much or more, which thus sustained him. He believed that he was right, and, therefore, trusted consequences to God; and wrongs from which the noblest natures would most revolt could not arrest or dismay him. During the Calvinistic controversy some of his opponents had the confidence of his intractable wife, who had not only deserted him, but had carried with her his papers and correspondence, and refused to return them. The correspondence is known to have been interpolated in such a way as to appear to justify her monomaniacal jealousy. It was about to be published in the "Morning Post" by his antagonists; but one of their own party, out of regard to the honor of religion, hastened to Charles Wesley, and entreated him to communicate the fact to his brother, that, if possible, the scandal might be averted. The letters were to be published on the morrow, but Wesley had an engagement to preach that day at Canterbury, and had promised to take with him the daughter of his brother, to gratify her with a view of the ancient cathedral. Charles, alarmed at the prospect, hastened to Foundry Chapel. "Never," writes his daughter, "shall I forget the manner in which my father accosted my mother on his return home. 'My brother,' said he, 'is indeed an extraordinary man. I placed before him the importance of the character of a minister; the evil consequences which might result from his indifference to it; the cause of religion; stumbling-blocks cast in the way of the weak; and urged him by every relative and public motive to answer for himself, and stop the publication. His reply was, 'Brother, when I devoted to God my ease, my time, my life, did I except my reputation? No. Tell Sally I will take her to Canterbury to-morrow.' I ought to add that the letters in question were satisfactorily proved to be mutilated, and no scandal resulted from his trust in God."

A fact like this with a man like Wesley, speaks to all hearts; but its noblest significance can be known only to the noblest minds.

But was he faultless? If he had been, he would have been less admirable to us, for the truest human greatness is in the combat with evil; he would have been less suited for his great work, for to men, rather than to angels, has the Gospel been committed.

Besides the minute imperfections which belong to most men, Wesley has been charged with ambition and credulity.

The writer who has dwelt most upon the latter weakness has, nevertheless, however inconsistently, deemed it a sort of fitness for Wesley's peculiar mission, and, with a noticeable credulity himself, has supposed that even the mysterious noises at the Epworth rectory were preternatural, or at least extramundane; that they were a means of laying open his faculty of belief, and of creating a right of way for the supernatural through his mind. When it is remembered that Wesley's age was one of general skepticism among thinkers, we cannot be surprised if he revolted, in his great work, to the opposite extreme; and the error was certainly on the better side. Credulity might have injured his work, but skepticism would have rendered it impossible.

If his followers cannot deny the charge; if they must admit that in a certain form this defect is pervasive in his Journal and fragmentary writings, yet should they make the admission with well-guarded qualifications. They should remind themselves that he seldom gives a direct opinion of the supposed preternatural facts which he so often records; that they are presented with circumstantial particularity as the data for an opinion on the part of others; that, singularly enough, and a noteworthy proof of his good sense, they seldom or never appear in his standard theological writings, hardly tinge the works which he left for the practical guidance of his people, but are almost invariably given as matters of curiosity and inquiry in his miscellaneous and fugitive writings; and that no one doctrine or usage of Methodism was permitted by him to bear the slightest impression of them to posterity.

AN Oxford League has been organized in *Waitsburg, W. T.* Brother George F. Gavitt writes: The League when organized, being something entirely new in this part of the country, was poorly attended for a while, but it gradually grew in interest and members until now it has thirty-five active members. Every few weeks we have either an entertainment or a festival. These entertainments are not public. We admit members, and at times allow each member to invite one outside friend. This has a tendency to draw the attention of many to the League. At our meetings we have debates on different characters of the Bible. This not only helps to make the meeting more interesting, but it causes us to study the Bible more carefully, and remember what we read from it.

IF thou desire beyond measure the things that are present, thou shalt lose those which are heavenly and eternal.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

* From Dr. Abel Stevens's "Character Sketches."

ARE you doing all that you can to organize home Sunday-schools, that is, in farm-houses three miles away from the church, where it is difficult to reach the church, especially on rainy days? Have you encouraged the parents to organize a little Sunday-school at home every Lord's day, inviting in the immediate neighbors, and especially the children who never attend school? Do you provide lesson helps and tracts for them, and books for distribution? Every church might have from ten to fifty little Sunday-schools in operation every Sunday, and that without interfering at all with the regular Sunday-school service. It is one of the objects of the Oxford League to promote this activity.

Wesley's Journal, May 5, 1747:

"AT Stonesey-gate was a larger congregation at six o'clock than I had seen since my leaving Bristol. They filled both the yard and the road to a considerable distance, and many were seated on a long wall adjoining, which, being built of loose stones, in the middle of the sermon all fell down at once. I never saw, heard, nor read of such a thing before. The whole wall, and the persons sitting upon it, sunk down together, none of them screaming out, and very few altering their posture; and not one was hurt at all; but they appeared sitting at the bottom just as they sat at the top. Nor was there any interruption, either of my speaking, or of the attention of the hearers."

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

HAVING, in our last lesson, learned how to represent by lines the intensity and direction of forces, we come now to consider the effects of forces, and the way in which these effects may be indicated graphically. We will suppose first that two forces are exerted in the same line, and in the same direction.

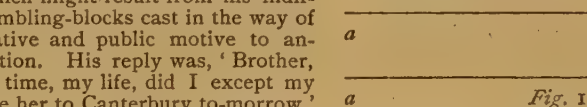

Fig. 1.

If these two forces are represented by the lines *a b* and *c d*, the effect, or, as it is called, *the resultant*, will be represented by the sum of the two lines *a d*. This is when the forces are exerted in the *same* direction. Suppose that they move in *opposite* directions. Then the resultant will be indicated by a line *x y* (Fig. 2), equal to the difference of the two lines *a b* and *c d*.

Fig. 2.

Many practical illustrations of this law present themselves. The tug-of-war is an excellent example of the opposite forces. Sometimes a tug is so close that neither side gains an advantage and the center knot remains almost if not quite stationary. In this case the two forces exerted by the sides are equal and neutralize each other. If they are unequal, the rope moves slowly toward the side exerting the greater power with a force which is the difference of the two forces. A familiar illustration of the addition and substraction of forces in the same line is drawn from the following supposed case.

A steam-boat is proceeding up a river at the rate of ten miles an hour. On the deck a passenger paces back and forth at the rate of three miles an hour. When he is walking toward the *bow* of the steamer, the passenger is evidently advancing, *with reference to the bank*, at a speed of 13 miles per hour. That is, the boat carries him 10 miles, and he by his own exertion walks 3 miles per hour. Now when our promenader turns at the bow and walks *aft*, his speed with reference to the bank is only 7 miles per hour, for his own speed is directly opposite to that of the boat, and the true rate is found by subtracting 3 from 10. Again let us suppose that there is a strong current in the river—say, 4 miles an hour. In still water the steamer can make 12 miles, our passenger walks at the rate of 3 miles. Let us see what cases arise:

1. The boat is going up stream, and the passenger is walking toward the bow. What is his speed with reference to the bank? The *upward* rates are, steamer 12 miles and passenger 3 miles. *Resultant* up stream 12+3=15. The rate of the stream downward is 4 miles, and this must be subtracted from the 15 to give the rate of the passenger with reference to the bank—11 miles.

2. The boat is going *down* stream, and the passenger walks forward as in case 1. It is obvious that his speed will be equal to the sum of all the speeds since they all move in the same direction—down the river—12+4+3=19.

An imaginative individual has supposed a set of circumstances which could never be realized, but which we give partly as an illustration and partly to show how far science may carry an enthusiast.

Let us suppose, he says, that a train is going at the rate of exactly 60 miles an hour, and that on the rear platform of the last car there is a cannon capable of sending a ball at the exact speed of 60 miles an hour. To be sure 60 miles an hour is very fast for a train, and unusually slow for a bullet, to say nothing of the *exactness* in both cases, but we must not complain of these trivial things. Listen to the question our scientific Munchausen propounds. If, while the train is going at exactly 60 miles an hour, the cannon is discharged in the direction exactly opposite to that in which the train is moving, what will the cannon-ball do? According to the theory we have discussed it would undoubtedly drop to the ground just where the gun was fired, while on the other hand, had the gun been discharged from the cow-catcher in a forward direction, the ball would have rushed ahead at 120 miles an hour.

RECREATION.

[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

Thauma.

About two years ago an Englishman came to this country with his daughter, who was known upon the advertising cards as "Thauma," a name which the Athenians would very likely have given her if she had appeared at Athens in the time of Pericles.

The exhibition of Thauma was something like the sphinx, which we shall next week describe, but it was much more interesting, and on a different plan.

At the mouth of a dark tunnel made of a frame and heavy hangings appeared the upper half of a young girl. Her waist rested on a board suspended from above by two chains. To all appearance she had been cut off at the waist, and placed on this swing. She swung herself freely from side to side, and her father passed a sharp, glittering sword above and below her. She could raise herself free from the swing by grasping the chains in her hands. This exhibition was very pretty, and caused considerable comment.

It is not, however, as difficult a mystery to solve as that of the sphinx, nor is it based on as ingenious and scientific a principle.

Fig. 1 gives an idea how the Thauma looks when on exhibition. There is a heavy frame, and the brightly reflecting lamps prevent the spectator from judging how deep the cloth tunnel is. It should be remarked that the exhibition is in a darkened room, and that all the light is thrown *away* from the figure, and into the faces of the curious crowd who are trying to solve the mystery.

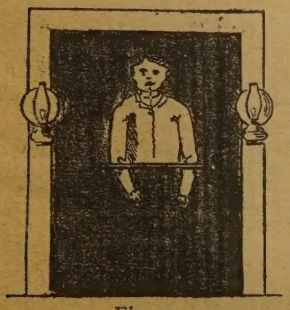

Fig. 1.

A glance at Fig. 2 will show the principle on which this deception is based. The whereabouts of the missing half is immediately discovered. The tunnel of wood and cloth is at least five feet long. On a plank (Fig. 2), *a b*, is strapped Thauma. On the front of the plank *b* there is a triangular piece of wood against which the body is firmly pressed. This piece constitutes the waist, which otherwise would have a retreating appearance. The shoulders are held back with some little exertion, giving the body an erect look.

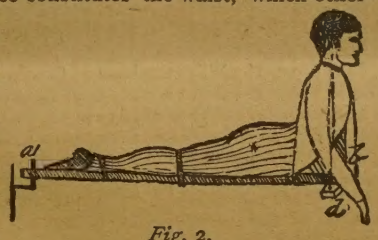

Fig. 2.

We would strongly oppose the reproduction of this trick as far as a girl's taking the part of Thauma is concerned, but a boy could do so, and run little or no risk of doing more than getting a little sore and stiff. When the tunnel has been made and the boy strapped tightly in place, the back end of the plank should be put over a firmly fastened pivot at *a*, and the other end rested upon a swinging bar *d*.

An old coat and vest slit up the back, so that they will sit well complete the outfit of the Thauma. The pivot in the rear will permit the occupant of the plank to raise it or swing it from side to side.

This swinging motion is one of the most deceptive features of the trick, because it contradicts all theories of reflection, etc.

This trick is not a difficult one for boy magicians. The end of a hall is a capital place to make the arrangements. A frame may be set up and the necessary carpenter work done at a slight expense. The reflecting lamps are most essential elements to the success of the trick, for if the spectators get a glimpse into the depths of the tunnel they are likely to "smell a rat" before the proper time for disclosure arrives.

A base-ball nine with embarrassed finances might give a Thauma performance and make a comfortable little sum in addition to the fun they would extract from the processes of preparation and exhibition.

A New Bicycle.

A new bicycle has just been announced by a firm in Coventry, Eng. —the birthplace of bicycles and tricycles. The new type is called the "Psycho Safety." The two wheels are nearly equal in size, and are connected by a light steel frame. The pedals are not attached by cranks to either axle, but move a separate spindle situated just in front of the rear wheel. This spindle is connected with the rear axle by chain belts which run over small cog-wheels. In this way a fast motion is secured.

The machine is claimed to be faster than the ordinary type, and absolutely proof against "headers." No doubt these machines will soon be imported into this country if they prove a success.

A novelty in tricycles has been invented by an American. The motive power is steam. The engine is small, but powerful. On a smooth road considerable speed has been attained. Next in order will be bicycles run by electricity.

OUR GIRLS.

[*Contributions appropriate for this department, descriptions of fancy work, candy making, games, etc., are solicited from our readers.*]

THE KATY-DID SOCIETY.—XII.

BY MARY H. MATHER.

"Kitty, you look just as if you had discovered a new continent," said Kate at the next meeting of the K. D. S., and, truth to tell, there was a radiant expression in Kitty's blue-gray eyes.

"It is better than a continent to me," returned Kitty, "for it is the solution of a problem that has been puzzling me for over two weeks. A long time ago mother promised the 'Brotherhood' that they should have a party on Halloween, and they have been looking forward to it ever since. Of course, they want me to help, and I have been fairly racking my brains to think of 'things to do,' as they express it. Fortunately for me, I happened to mention my despair over the subject in my last letter to Kate Loomis, and from her in return I had the letter which I brought as my item of information to-day. She says:

"'Dear Kitty: Your demand for ideas concerning Halloween parties reminds me of the one that Nina May gave last year, and as that was voted a success by every body, I cannot do better than to tell you all about it, letting you alter the details as you like.

"'In the first place, we received dainty little card invitations, ornamented in one corner with pen and ink sketches of spider-webs, owls' heads, half-moons, etc., under which were appropriate selections from the poets concerning witches, elves, etc. With this was Nina's card stating the date and hour. There were about thirty of us, I think, and as we entered the hall-door each one of us had to jump over two broomsticks crossed on the sill and guarded by Nina's small brother, who assured us gravely that after that we would be safe from all the witches' charms.

"'The hall was illuminated by candles, and huge pumpkin Jack-a-lanterns, while stuffed owls of all descriptions gazed at us from nooks and niches. At the door of the library we were introduced to the sibyl of the evening—Nina's cousin—who gave each of us another omen of good fortune in the shape of a small horseshoe cut from cardboard, bearing a number and tied with narrow ribbon. The number, as we discovered afterward, denoted the order in which we were to try our fate, for in a few moments number one was called upon to see if his *ship would ever come in.* To find this out he was given a needle and a pan of water, and was told to float his needle on the water; if he succeeded, his fortune was secured, but if his needle sank to the bottom his ship was lost. As you will soon find, if you ever try it, the greatest care is required to bring any ships to land.

"'After each had tried his skill in this direction the pan was used for the second fortune, called the 'Letter-test.' A box of 'word-making' letters, turned face downward, was emptied into the pan, and then number one again was called upon to try his fate. From the sibyl he received a magic wand with which he was to stir the water vigorously and then await the turning up of the letters, to spell for him some fortune.

"'Truly, there did seem to be some witchery in those letters, for they came up in all sorts of appropriate and interesting combinations.

"'After this came the flour-game. A small cup was used as a mold; this was packed with flour and then turned upside down on a plate. A silver dime was placed on the top of the flour-cone, and it became the object of each guest to cut off a slice of the flour without causing the coin to fall. He who was unlucky enough to occasion this disaster was compelled to pick up the coin with his teeth in order to avert an imminent misfortune due to his ill-luck.

"'We were all laughing heartily at the white faces of the unfortunate victims, when the sibyl and Mr. May led the way to the dining-room, where we found refreshments of a character supposed to be suitable to the occasion—great rosy apples, pop-corn, ginger-cookies, lemonade, and nuts. Here the guests were presented with 'fortunes,' in the shape of suggestive lines written on slips of paper and tucked into English walnut-shells, in each half of which tiny holes had been bored and the whole tied together with narrow ribbon of different colors.

"'When we returned to the library we were assured that the great test of the evening lay in the magic saucers. These were three, one containing water, one rice and water, and the other ink. These were placed on the table, number one was blindfolded and led up to them, and was told to put the tip of his finger into one. If he touched the water, the sibyl pronounced single blessedness to be his lot; if the rice, and water, an early marriage awaited him; if the ink, he was doomed to a widower's fate.

"'Of course, the arrangement of the saucers was changed for every new trial.

"'Finally the evening's fun closed with a bean-bag contest, in which the bags were passed from hand to hand along two lines, from one end to the other, and back again, the side making the best time being victorious.'"

Wanted. Contributions from Our Girls on the subject, "A Girl's Book-shelf and What it Contains." In these days every girl has a corner or shelf devoted to her favorite books, and what we want are pen-pictures of actual shelves in real girls' rooms.

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Cape of Good Hope.

(Area, 229,815 sq. miles; population, 1,027,168; ruler, British Governor, Sir Hercules Robinson.)

THE Cape of Good Hope, or Cape Colony, is a dependency of Great Britain, occupying a tract nearly as large as Texas, at the southern extremity of the continent of Africa. The colony includes Kaffraria and Griqua Land West—recent annexations. A range of high mountains which, under different names, extends from the Orange River to Natal, keeping within 30 to 100 miles of the coast, collects the moisture from the ocean winds and sends it back to the sea in numerous short and unnavigable streams.

The country to the north of the mountains is thus made dry and in many places almost a desert. The rain-fall is heavy, but the wet seasons alternate with long and withering droughts. The country is peculiarly adapted to pastoral uses, and the products of the flocks and herds constitute the leading item in the list of exported articles. Besides wool the chief exports are ostrich feathers, goats' hair, hides and skins, and copper ore. In 1883 diamonds valued at $13,000,000 were sent to Great Britain from the South African diggings. The total value of the diamond yield from 1867 to 1883 was $140,000,000. The diamond fields are in Griqua Land and the copper-mines in the portion known as Namaqua Land. No other minerals have yet been found in paying quantities.

The white settlers comprise about one fourth of the total population of the colony. Next come the Kaffirs and Bechuanas, the Hottentots, mixed races, and Malays. Cape Town, the capital, has a population of about 50,000. Port Elizabeth, on the south-eastern coast, and Kimberley, the metropolis of the diamond regions, are also important towns. The bulk of the population, white and colored, belongs nominally to the Dutch Reformed Church, the Episcopalian coming next in numbers. There is, however, no state religion. Education is not compulsory. One person out of three among the white adults is unable to read and write, and less than three fourths of the children of school age attend the public and private schools. There are five colleges and one university. There are some 1,300 miles of government railroad in the colony, connecting Cape Town with Port Elizabeth and Kimberley. The telegraphs, which also belong to the state, aggregate 4,000 miles. A submarine cable under the Indian Ocean joins the Cape with Aden, Suez, and Great Britain.

Bech-u-an'a (Betch-).	Hŏt'ten-tots.
Griqua (Grĭk'wa).	Nä-mä'quâ.
Kăf-frā'rĭ-a.	Nä-tăl'.

Portuguese navigators discovered and rounded the Cape of Good Hope, while Columbus was busy with his western voyages, but the first permanent settlements were made by the Dutch in 1652, who made it a station for their trade with India. Many immigrants from Holland settled here, cultivating the vine and tending flocks and herds.

When Napoleon, in the name of France, joined Holland to his dominions the British, with whom he was at war, seized the Cape Colony (1806), and have held it ever since. Their occupation has been noted for fierce wars with the warlike Kaffirs and with the old Dutch colonists. The boundaries of the colony have been frequently extended by annexation, and the protection of Great Britain is now exercised over large tracts north of the Orange River, namely, Basuto Land, Bechuana Land, Stella Land, Pondo Land, and Walfish Bay.

The War Feeling in Europe.

WHATEVER we Americans, with our incomplete information and consequent inaccurate judgments, may conclude concerning the prospect of a war which shall engage two or more of the great military powers, it is plain from the attitude of the European press that war is expected there, and is in some quarters considered to be unavoidable. Just when or where hostilities are to be looked for it is not easy to say, but it is believed by many that Russia is in earnest in her present plans for absorbing Bulgaria. Although she has no rights in Bulgaria beyond those of the other treaty powers, she sent a special envoy, General Kaulbars, to the disturbed province, and she has taken every opportunity to present to the Bulgarians the cause of Russia as their own. He has traveled widely and labored zealously to influence the elections in favor of the pro-Russian candidates. Austria-Hungary is naturally jealous of this Russian influence which is being brought to bear upon the Bulgarians, and the ministers of the emperor-king have plainly stated their determination to prevent Bulgaria from falling under the domination of any single power—meaning Russia. Austria-Hungary is bound to Germany by an alliance. But the former country has plainly warned the Germans that the alliance will be broken before Russia will be allowed to seize the road to Constantinople. Germany's friendship for Russia has been supposed to rest upon her need of an ally in case of another war with France. France has long meditated revenge upon Germany for the losses of the so-called "Franco-Prussian" war of 1870–71, and the policy of the present minister of war, Gen. Boulanger, has been to reorganize the army and equip it with the most modern weapons and feed the spirit of revenge. Germany and Austria are supplying their troops with repeating rifles, and Boulanger is experimenting with dynamite cartridges and other novel engines of warfare.

Wind and Tide.

SABINE PASS is a small town in south-eastern Texas at the mouth of the Sabine River, which forms the boundary between that State and Louisiana. On the night of Oct. 13 it was engulfed by a tidal-wave rolling in from the Gulf of Mexico. The loss of property was large, if the size and wealth of the town be considered, but the most terrible feature of the inundation was the great loss of life which accompanied it. The early press reports state the number of persons drowned to be from sixty to one hundred, or nearly one half of the entire population. According to the best obtainable information the water commenced to rise at two o'clock in the afternoon. The heavy winds which had been piling up the waters of the gulf would naturally cause the tide to rise somewhat higher than usual, and the people did not realize their danger until several hours later, when they found their escape cut off. Houses were undermined and swept away, and whole families were drowned together. Late at night the hotel, which was crowded with refugees, was destroyed, and many of the inmates lost their lives. The railroads were damaged so badly as to interrupt travel, and telegraphic news is meager owing to the state of the wires.

The lowlands of the Louisiana coast were in many places submerged by the waters of this same wave, and here too the loss of life was considerable. The storm which caused the work of destruction is thought to have expended its greatest force in the neighborhood of the West Indies. A vessel which arrived at Mobile, Ala., Oct. 14 from Galveston, Tex., reported that the voyage had been prolonged by storms to the unusual length of nineteen days. For six days she had been obliged to run out of her course before the gale.

On the day following the heavy winds and tides in the gulf, a storm of wind and rain struck the lake region. Its force was sufficient to blow down frame buildings and to uproot small trees. Telegraph wires in the vicinity of Chicago were badly disarranged. Reports of the damage wrought by this storm have come from Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Western New York. In the city of Buffalo forty houses were demolished and many families were subjected to loss and discomfort.

A Brief Survey.

FIVE professors in the Congregationalist Theological Seminary, at Andover, Mass., are to be tried for teaching doctrines opposed to the conditions upon which they hold their professorships.——The seven Chicago anarchists who were condemned to death will be hanged Dec. 3, 1886.——One of the indicted aldermen of New York has fled to Canada with his brother, who had been accepted by the court as his bondsman. The city thereby loses the $25,000 which was pledged as security for his appearance when needed for trial. The bonds of the remaining aldermen have been raised to $40,000. Four other members of the board are soon to be tried.——General Miles reports that the surrender of Geronimo and his band to the troops was unconditional, and he gives it as his opinion that the removal of the Indians from Arizona will be sufficient punishment.——The *Alert* exploring party reports that the Hudson's Bay water route from Manitoba and the western provinces of Canada to Europe is practicable for four and one half months in the year.——The U. S. Congressional Library building, whose construction was authorized at the last session of Congress, will cost $4,000,000, and will be completed in five years.——The convention of Knights of Labor, in session at Richmond, unanimously re-elected Master-Workman Powderly, and so amended the constitution that the officers will hold office for two years instead of one as heretofore.

Two Bavarian editors have recently been sentenced to imprisonment for publishing articles reflecting upon the government.——The Spanish Cabinet has been entirely remodeled with Senor Sagasta as prime minister and president of the council.——Serious religious riots have occurred at Delhi and Jeypore in British India, between the Hindus and Mohammedans.——The Czar of Russia is said to be in a state of extreme mental excitement, and fears are entertained of his health.——The Russian special envoy in Bulgaria, General Kaulbars, continues to protest against the elections which are now taking place for members of the Great National Assembly (Sobranje). Several election riots have occurred, but the people seem to favor the regency as opposed to the Russians. Statements, supposed to be official, declare that in case of war Russia would be opposed by Great Britain, Austria, Italy, and Germany—France being her sole ally.——The director of Roman Catholic Missions reports the massacre of 700 native Christians in Tonquin, and the burning of many villages.

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OUR YOUTH for 1887.

JOHN H. VINCENT, Editor.

OUR YOUTH enters upon the second year of its existence in December, 1886. It has been from the first the endeavor of the Editor to make OUR YOUTH pure, wholesome, and helpful, the friend and companion of its readers, and the source of an earnest and uplifting influence in the school and in the home.

During the coming year the distinctive features of OUR YOUTH will be continued and improved, while the attractions which will be added will increase its popularity and usefulness.

Among the leading literary features of OUR YOUTH for 1887 we may mention the following:

THREE SERIAL STORIES.

OUR YOUTH for December 4 will contain the first chapter or first part of a story by MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, entitled **THORN-APPLES.** While written especially for girl readers, this serial will be found interesting to all.

FREDDIE AND HIS KINDRED is the title of a well-told story of life in New York, by EDGAR FAWCETT, which will appear in the columns of OUR YOUTH during a portion of the year.

There will also be *a third serial story* for boys, the subject and author to be announced later.

SHORT STORIES.

The reputation which OUR YOUTH has achieved for the excellence of its short stories will be more than maintained during the ensuing year. Among the popular writers who will contribute to this department during 1887 are the following: Anna F. Burnham, Mary A. Lathbury, Mary H. Norris, Frank M. White, Rev. Edward A. Rand, J. MacDonald Oxley, Mrs. Alice Eddy Curtiss, Jennie M. Bingham, Mrs. M. E. Brush, Marion Manville, Sydney Dayre, Clara Marshall, Frank W. Calkins, S. Endicott Ober, Mrs. Helen Campbell, Mrs. Mary A. Thurston, Adelaide Skeel, M. H. Mather, Nena C. Thomas.

OUT-DOOR ARTICLES.

In this department will be published a choice collection of articles relating to Sport, Travel, and Adventure in this and other lands.

The Head-waters of the Missouri, by ERNEST INGERSOLL.

Notes of Arctic Life and Adventure, by Lieut. FREDERICK SCHWATKA and Col. W. H. GILDER.

Canadian Winter Sports, four bright and practical papers upon Snow-Shoeing, Tobogganing, Curling, and Skating, by J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

GEO. E. VINCENT will furnish occasional articles suggested by an extended tour in Europe, and the lands along the eastern shore of the Mediterranean. These will give fresh and entertaining views of less-known places and people.

Dr. ABEL STEVENS will continue to send us occasional *Letters from Switzerland.*

MRS. EMMA DIXON will show us through the *Crystal Palace*, the *Kew Gardens*, and other London localities.

FREDERICK A. OBER will detail his *Experiences as a Naturalist in Tropical America*, etc., etc.

SPECIAL ARTICLES.

Under this head may be grouped a number of solid, practical articles upon Social Topics, Literature, Natural History, Education, Sunday-schools, Incidents of Biography, Health, etc. The list of contributors includes: Daniel Wise, D.D.; Isaac Crook, D.D.; Prof. C. T. Winchester, A.M.; A. D. Vail, D.D.; E. S. Nadal, Ernest Ingersoll, Wm. H. Rideing, D. A. Goodsell, D.D.; Mrs. O. W. Scott, Mrs. E. J. Bingham, Edith M. Thomas, S. A. Wilson, Felix L. Oswald, M.D., and many others.

Editorial Department, by J. H. Vincent, D.D.

The Editor will endeavor to make this portion of OUR YOUTH peculiarly helpful to all classes of its readers. The character-sketches which have been so enthusiastically received will be interspersed during the coming year with the opinion and advice of the Editor upon a variety of topics.

THE BEREAN HOMILY will present each week a brief but careful and efficient exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, rich in suggestion, novel in form, and a valuable assistance to both teacher and pupil in the preparation of the lesson.

THE OXFORD LEAGUE will treat of the History, Doctrines, and Usages of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with the object of strengthening in the young people of the denomination a feeling of loyalty to Methodism through a knowledge of its past services and its present power.

The other REGULAR DEPARTMENTS, **OUR GIRLS, THE SCHOOL AT HOME, RECREATION, THE OUTSIDE WORLD, JEST AND YOUTHFUL JOLLITY,** etc., will be continued and improved.

FOR OUR YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

OUR YOUTH has two departments in which the subscribers of the paper are given a personal share:

THE DEBATING CLUB—the Editor acting as judge—is a department in which our contributors discuss current questions.

THE JOURNALIST is a miniature newspaper published occasionally by the Editor of OUR YOUTH, and wholly written by the young people. Prizes are given for the best contributions, and an inducement is thus offered for the exercise of care in writing.

Subscription price per year (TWO VOLUMES), **ONLY $1 25.** The year begins with December, 1886. New subscribers whose names are received by us before December 1, 1886, will receive the paper from the beginning of the month in which their subscriptions are received by us to December 1, 1887.

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Jest and Youthful Jollity.

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

—A London paper says: "The Americans follow us in every thing." There is one notable exception. In yacht-racing the English always follow the Americans.—*Norristown Herald.*

—If people who mean to begin to read should read all the advice to readers about reading they wouldn't have time to read any thing else.—*Somerville Journal.*

—The Passamaquoddy Indians have a saying, "If a dog barks in the night, a stranger will come the next day." We should say, however, that instead of a stranger it would be the next-door neighbor armed either with a shot-gun or a nice piece of meat steeped in arsenic.—*Boston Transcript.*

—A New York physician says: "It is dangerous to go into the water after a hearty meal." And we presume if he did go in after one he wouldn't find it.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

—He Didn't Want Work.—Tramp—"Look here, these yere potatoes aint peeled!"

Good woman—"Well, goodness, can't you do that much?"

Tramp (with injured air)—"I don't ax for any work. When I get that low I will run for alderman."—*Texas Siftings.*

—In a grassy corner, where red-stemmed wild-briers grow in profusion, in an old grave-yard in New London, a tall white head-stone at the head of a group of graves—several small mounds and one large one—bears this singular dialogistic inscription:

"Children! What? Mother's come!"—*Hartford Times.*

—The bravest are not always the tenderest, as the poet sings. There is the red game-rooster, for instance; he will fight a bird double his size, but he cuts up tough in a pot-pie.—*Boston Gazette.*

—Snort's Winter Overcoat.—A wealthy young man was conversing with Colonel Snort, the editor of the "Crosby County Clarion and Farmer's Vindicator."

"Cool weather is coming on," remarked the wealthy young man.

"Yes, it is beginning to be quite chilly," responded the editor.

"I believe I'll go and pick me out a winter overcoat. Have you bought yours yet, colonel?"

"Me buy a winter overcoat? I never did such a thing since I have been connected with the press. Do you know what the difference is between my summer and my winter overcoat?"

"No, what is it?"

"In winter I run."—*Texas Siftings.*

—"Worthington made a convincing speech," said one young man to another.

"Why do you think so?"

"Well, when I went to hear him I had almost made up my mind to vote against him. When I came out I was certain of it."—*Peoria Transcript.*

—The Grand Old Man seems to have a great admiration for Cæsar, for I recollect in 1866 he announced that "he had crossed the Rubicon and burnt his boats and bridges." A non-classical reporter on this occasion made a serious mistake, for he announced to a wondering world that Mr. Gladstone had not only passed the Rubicon, but he had burnt his coat and breeches! This astounding information caused great misgivings among Mr. Gladstone's friends, for the weather was very chilly when he performed this desperate feat.—*Temple Bar.*

—A Dangerous Boarder.—The widow Flapjack got a new boarder the other day. At the first meal he took he choked and had a terrible time trying to swallow some coffee.

"What's the matter, stranger?" she asked, kindly.

"Nothing, except that coffee went down the wrong way."

"Good heavens! it isn't possible that I have secured a boarder with two throats!" exclaimed Mrs. Flapjack, who has been complaining very bitterly of the amount of food a man with only one throat can destroy.—*Texas Siftings.*

—A Recommendation.—Dealer (pointing out beauties of a vicious-looking animal, with ears back and hind leg suspiciously lifted)—"There, sir. He's a beauty. Not another to touch him. You just ride him once, and you'll never ride another."

Little Tipkins, who is very nervous, thinks this is uncommonly likely, from the look of him.—*Punch.*

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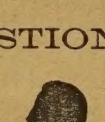

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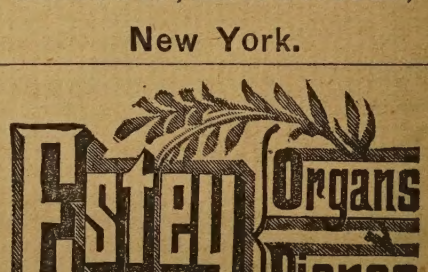

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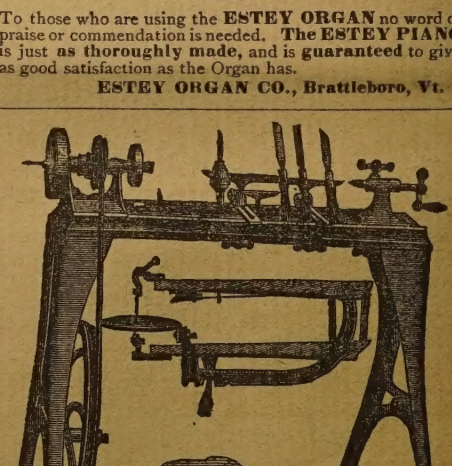

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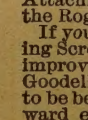

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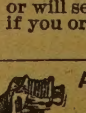

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